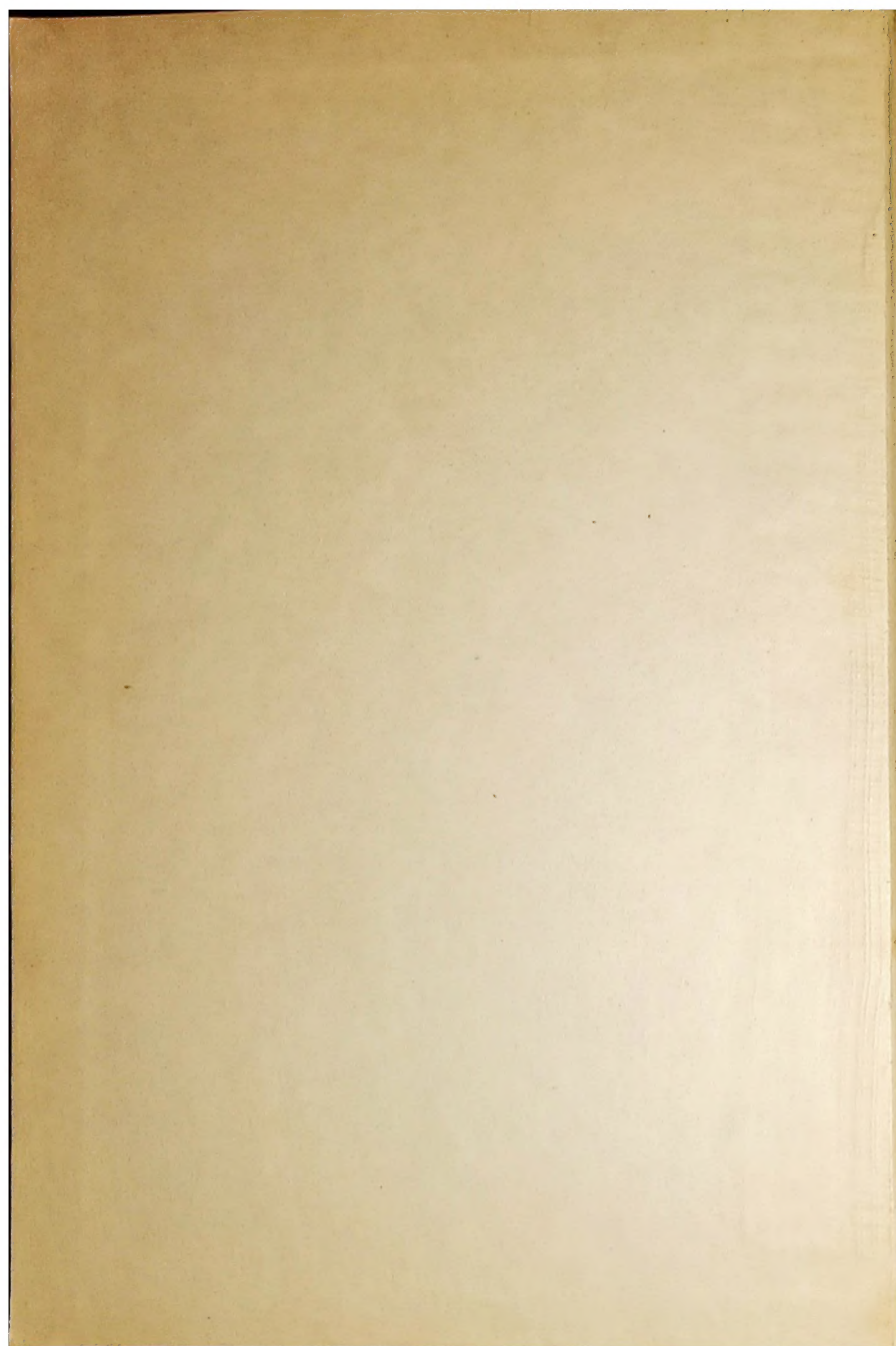


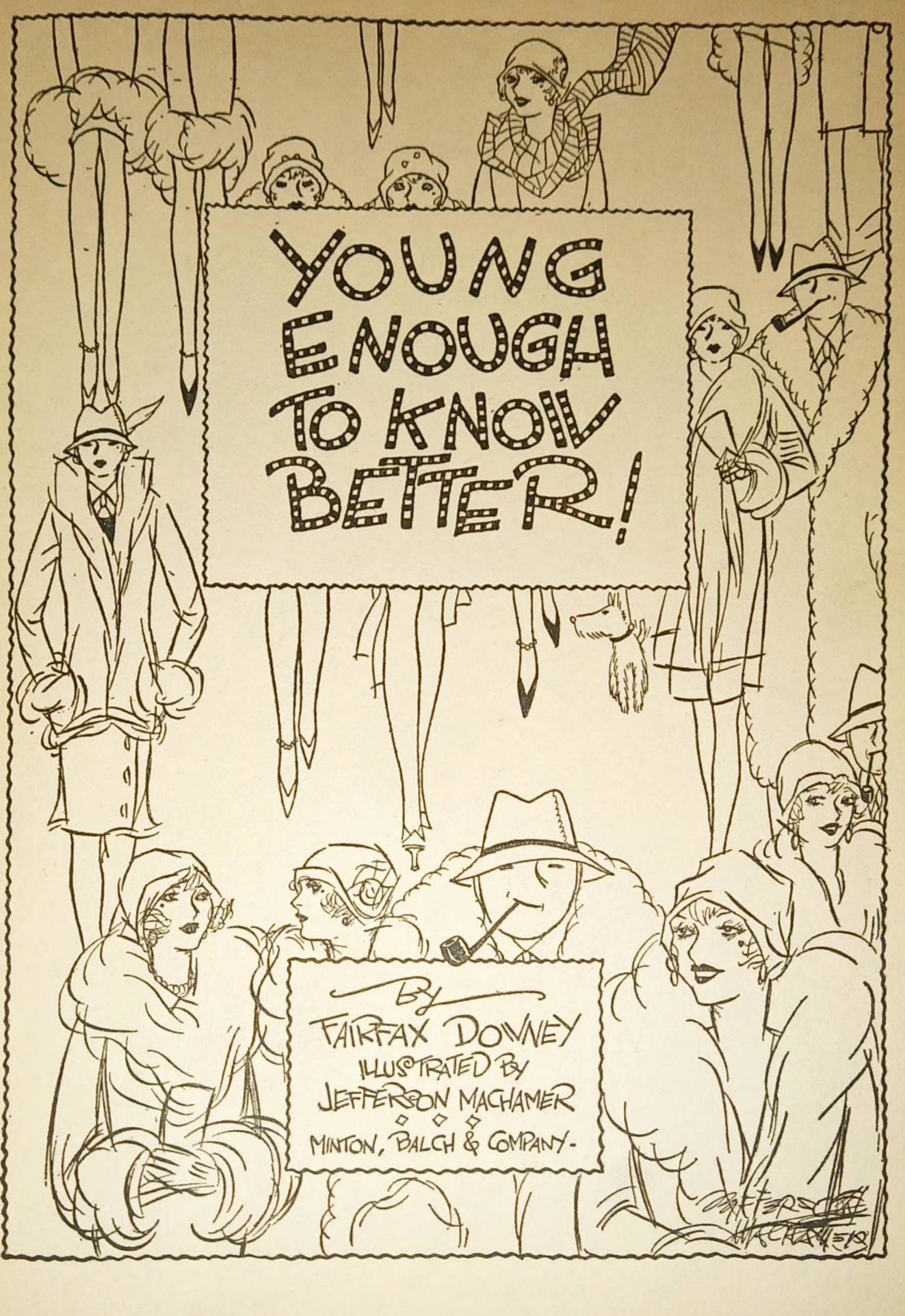
Young Enough to
Know Better

Fairfax Downey
Jefferson Machamer



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YOUNG ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER!

By
FAIRFAX DOWNEY
ILLUSTRATED BY
JEFFERSON MACHAMER
MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY.

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BY

FAIRFAX DOWNEY

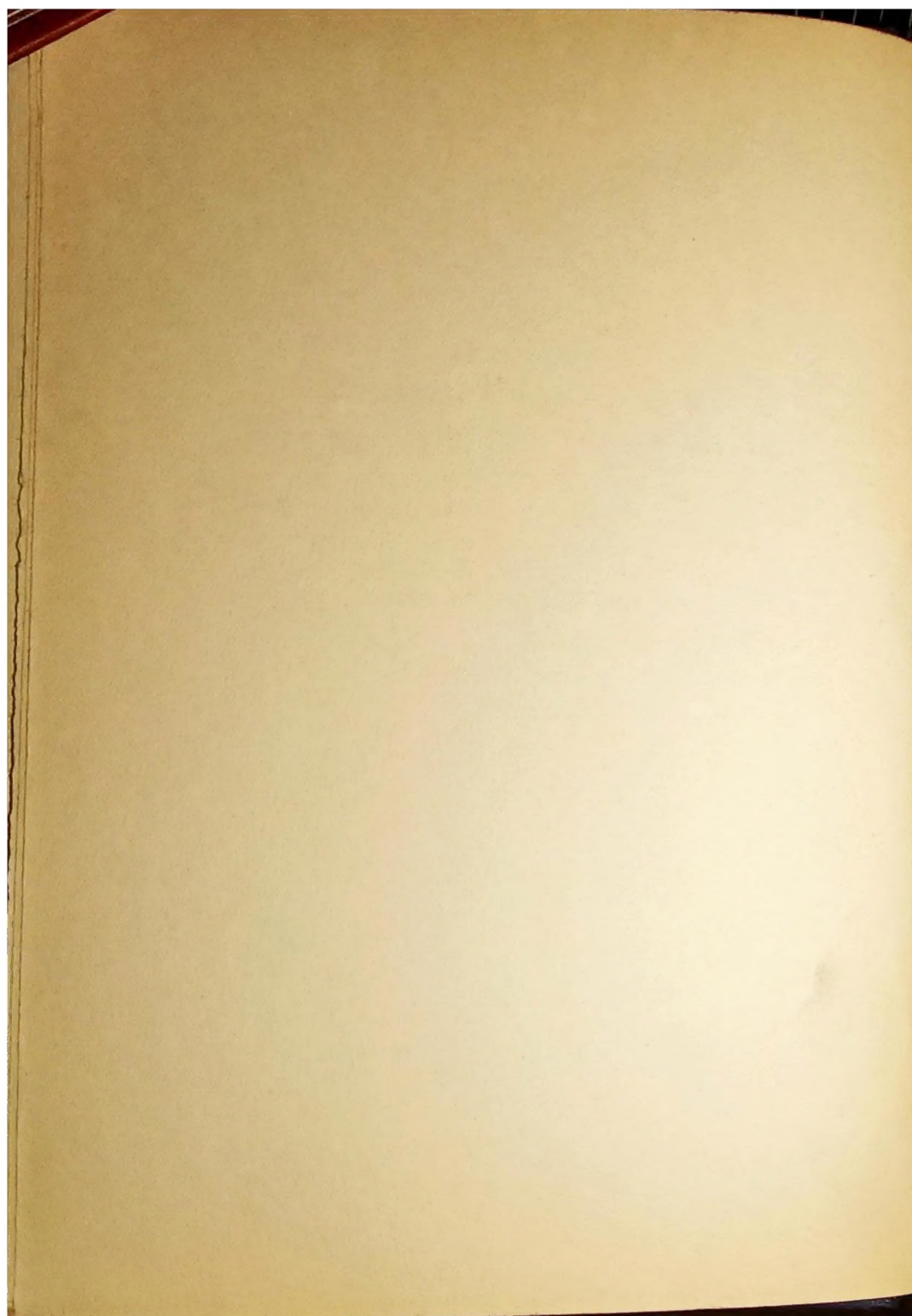
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Dedicated to
JEFFERSON MACHAMER,
Lord High Illustrator and Space-filler-in-Chief
to the Author.

F. D.

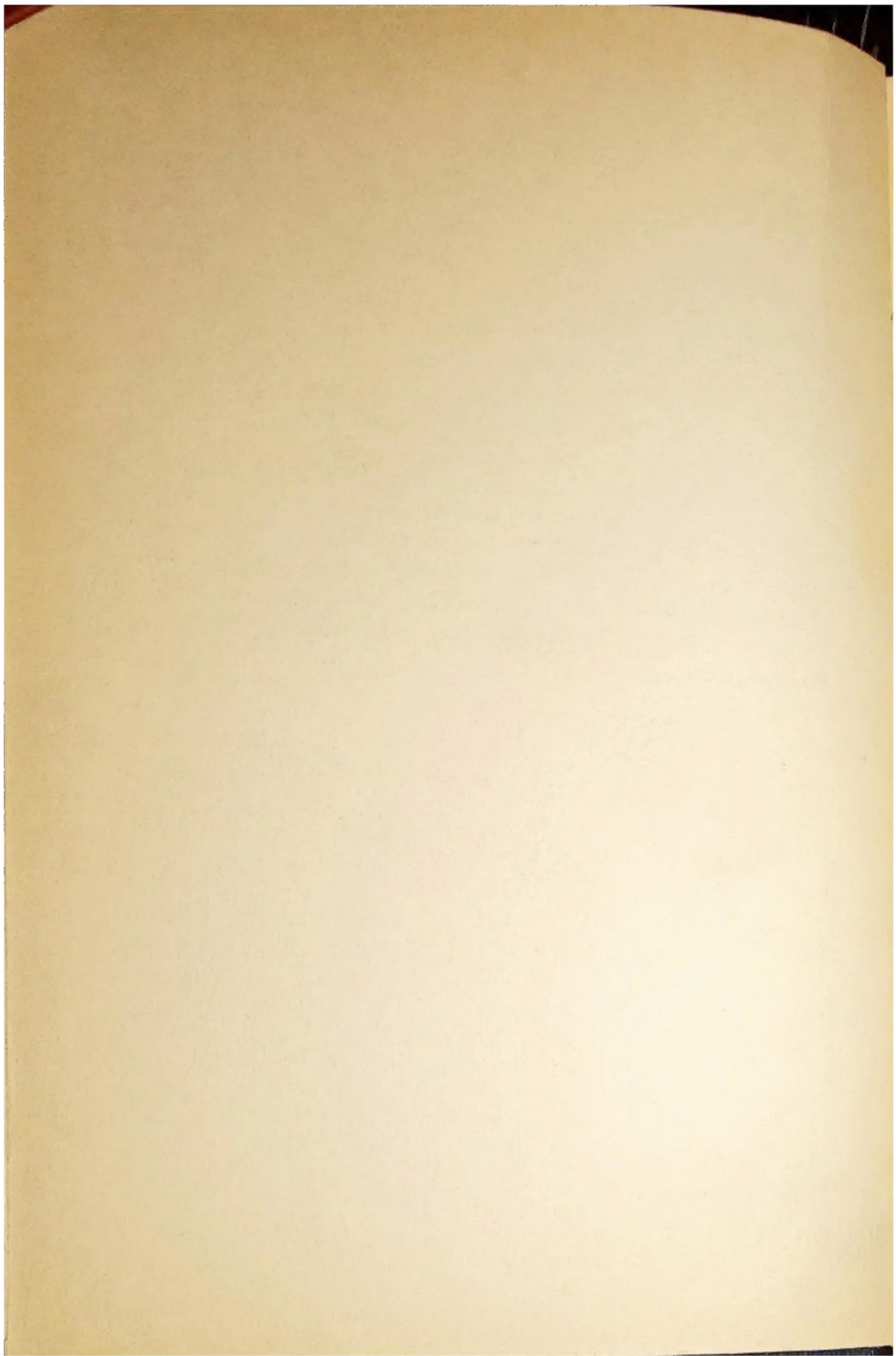
Dedicated right back at
FAIRFAX DOWNEY,
Court Fool entrusted with writing stuff to go
with the drawings of
the Artist.

J. M.



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Young Enough
to Know Better





Shrug of Contempt for a Ladye of Olde

SHE wore beauty spots on her *face*.
And she was as proud as you please.
Oh my, what an old-fashioned race.
They might as well not have had knees.

The Elements of Success

I'M giving a party, a bird of a party;
The cards say it comes off at 10.
So just about 12 o'clock, which is more hearty,
The guests will start coming in, when
They've sat through a play
Or a dull cabaret
Or from dinner and bridge they have broken away.
My dear, there'll be *millions* of men!

I'm giving a party, a party most snappy;
There'll be twenty stags to each hen.
(It's great how a father can make a girl happy
With only a check, ink and pen.)
We're serving champagne!
On even the plain
The stag line will cut in again and again.
My dear, there'll be *oodles* of men!





Have You a Little Miss America in Your Home?

MOTHER, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my daughter pretty.

Get a one-piece suit, show a lot of limb,
And parade at Atlantic City.



Song of Masculine Modesty

YOU'VE heard about the youth who bore
Through snow and ice a banner,
With a upidee and a upida
And a very gallant manner.
"Excelsior!" the youth exclaimed.
"Excelsior!" means higher,
And so the youth climbed up and up;
He was no alibier.
But if that youth had seen the skirts
A girl wears now, he'd show her
A banner with the legend large:
LADY, FOR PETE'S SAKE, LOWER!

In all the world, the skirts are furled—
In London, cut in halves.
A modest man cannot but scan
Some most contented calves.
A pair of knees in the Pyrenees
Is included in the view,
And a length of leg in Winnipeg
Is seen on the avenue.
In gay Paree, the lingerie
Is glimpsed outside of home.
And the statues blush at the way girls rush
To shorten skirts in Rome.
And since New York's girls dress like storks,
Our modesty it's hurtin'.
Lady, be good, you really should
PULL DOWN THE CURTAIN!



The Ball Gown

DEBBIE, if you go out to dance,
What are the clothes you'll put on?
Dress, brassière and a pair of pants
And slippers to shake a foot on.

The Hontyng of Chevy Chase

NOWE once there was a hontyng club
On lande of great expanse.
And there came folk to shoot ye golffe,
And eke to dine and dance.

Upon ye eve of Saturday,
Full many donned court dresse.
When minstrelsie struck up ye jazz,
There was a mightye presse.

A Douglas and a Percy came
To mince ye gay foxtrot.
Since both were foreyne diplomats,
They were not dry, I wot.

Said Douglas, "Entertayned has been
This doughtye bachelor.
Till with all hostesses I've danced,
I'll hold this wax-ed floor."



Yonge Percy hath his meaning ta'en—
He, too, had debts to paye;
And, thus obliged, he knew full well
Howe Douglas got that waye.

They danced with all ye debutantes
On whom they cast an eye;
With maidens oute some seasons since,
With grassye widowes pryde.

Full two score dowagers they twirled.
A feat of streyngthe, I trow,
And many a corn was on ye toes,
And sweat upon ye brow.

Ye partie it was grievous late.
Ye knights could tread no more.
And yet ye dames they stood beside
Did clappe for an encore!

Exhausted were ye diplomats.
They ne'er will dance agayne.
And ladyes faire who partners hoat,
Nowe dine them out in vain.





The Good Scout

A DEED a day
A Boy Scout should
Arrange to do—
A deed that's good.
Now some tie knots,
And some are neat,
Some help old ladies
Cross the street,
But I each time
I get the chance
Invite a girl
To the supper dance.





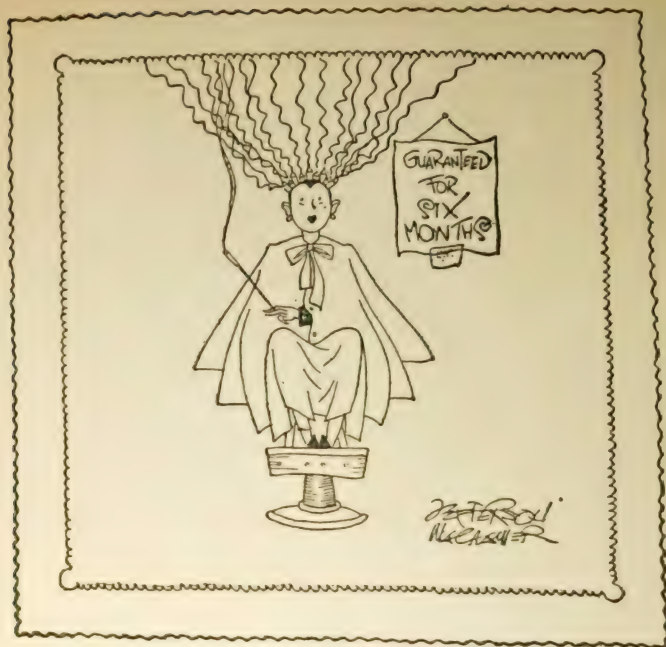
Ah, woe's the girl
 At dances stuck!
 But her I leave
 To trust to luck.
 No round-trip I
 For her who goes
 From off the floor
 To powder nose.
 At her I never
 Look askance
 Who lacks a bid
 To the supper dance.





I pity take
On eyes of fright.
I save girls from
A hapless plight.
I calm the partner-
Less who roam
And supperless
Must go on home.
A good scout will
Without romance
Invite a girl
To the supper dance.

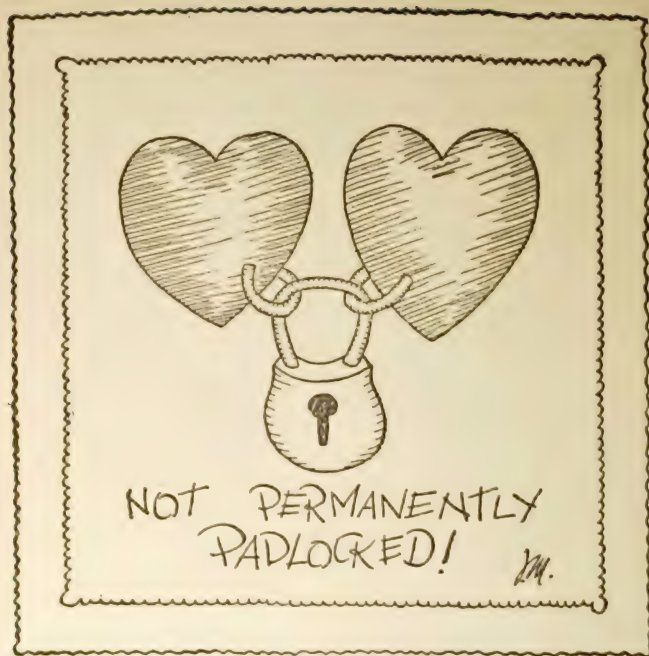




AH, let me be fore'er thy slave,
As permanent as is thy wave.



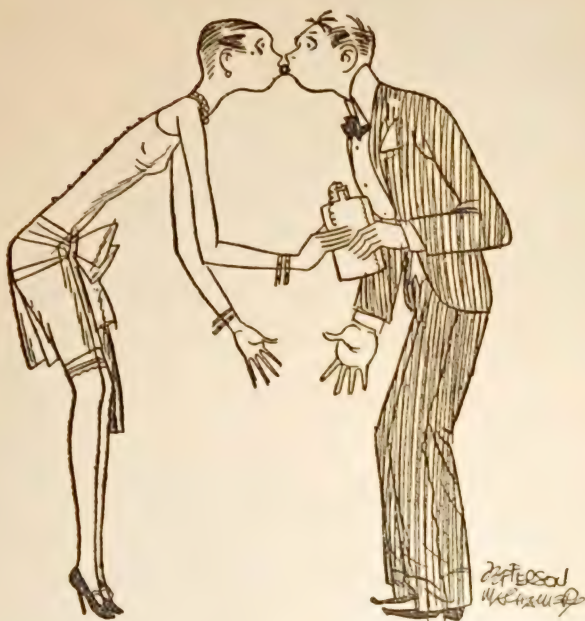
THOUGH you love me
As I love you,
Some judge can cut
Our love in two.

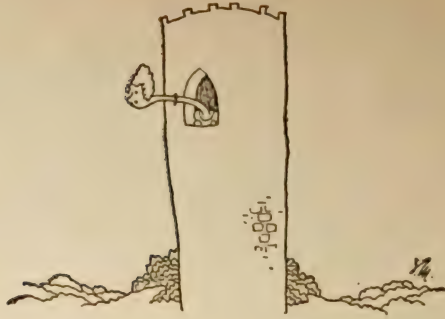


OUR marriage will be *à la mode*,
Since love is but an episode.
And when it leaves, we'll not be vexed,
But write, "Continued in our next."

Reciprocity

THE lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine,
Unless the mean miser should think to
Unlimber his flask or to uncork his wine
And give this dry lady a drink, too.





Mrs. Bluebeard Gets Separate Maintenance

GO to the window and stick out your head.
 (Sister Anne, do you see a man?)
For if you don't sight one, I'm practic'lly dead.
 (Sister Anne, do you see a man?)
My husband, old Bluebeard, will shortly detect
I've been in the room he forbade should be checked.
He's got all the women in there he once necked.
With malice aforethought, I strongly suspect,
He gave me this curious key.
 (Sister Anne, do you see a man?)
The next wife in line may be me!"

"Glimpse you no galloping horsemen? You must.

(Sister Anne, don't you see a man?)

Perhaps you're unable to see 'em for dust.

(Sister Anne, don't you see a man?)

Bluebeard apparently knows no remorse.

He doesn't believe in true love and its course.

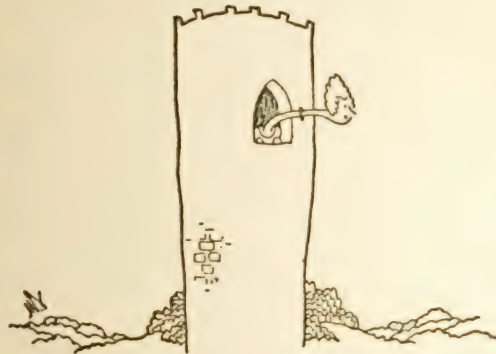
He's hasty and hostile and given to force

And won't go to Paris to get a divorce.

So keep your eye peeled for our brothers.

(Sister Anne, don't you see a man?)

It's high time I went home to mother's."



If Only—

IS she an athlete? I should say!
She can dance all night; she can shop all day;
She can jump five feet for a bride's bouquet.

Golf *ad infinitum*; tennis till you're through.
Swimming, mountain climbing, leave her fresh as new.
Nothing can fatigue her that

she

likes

to

do.





The Hunting of the Collegiate Raccoon

YOU girls who fain would hunt raccoons,
Whose coats are sleek and fat,
Who swiftly flee in motor cars
And wear the derby hat,
May find them save on weekends in
Their campus habitat.

In college town you mark them down
And get upon their trail.
They sing their glees beneath the trees—
The elms of dear old Yale.
They're on their guard in Harvard Yard,
Where they ignore a hail.

At Princeton they will turn at bay;
They're fun to battle with.
At Dartmouth late they hibernate,
Since winter there's no myth.
And shy raccoons beware of moons
At Amherst so near Smith.

The eye that's glad, the snappy line
May win the creature's pelf.
They like a girl who at a dance
Is never on the shelf.
But most will fall for her who begs,
"Do tell me of yourself."

So busk ye, bown ye, merry maids,
Your hunting cry's a coo.
Go make it seem you coyly flee,
Although you fast pursue.
And if you pet the young raccoon,
There's nothing he won't do.

To run him down and capture him
Is profitable sport.
Bids to a prom are won therefrom,
If he's a generous sort.
To hockey or to football he
Ideally can escort.

Then pounce as they go lumbering by
And, lady, do your stuff.
But let go by raccoons who drag
A garter in the rough.
(The lively young ones wear none) hence
He's likely old and tough.

So each successful huntress who
Possesses charm and grace
Can lead about a tame raccoon,
With smiles upon her face.
She knows that pelt and hat of felt
Are trophies of the chase.





That Heart Suit

THERE'S nothing makes me so enraged,
As playing bridge with those engaged.

The poor, young, moon-eyed, sighing chumps!
They never know just what is trumps.

No sooner does he bid "Two Hearts,"
Than she to rosy blushing starts.

Great grief! it surely beats all bands,
They want to hold each other's hands.

It seems they made their last finesse
When he proposed and she said "Yes."

She cares not if he fails to heed,
And there's an unrequited lead.

The fool misplay, revoking's strife
Are nothing in her sweet, young life.

Oh, may an unkind fate not shove
Me into bridge with those in love!

Dance Talk Fragments

I HAD her down at New Haven,
Down to a ball game last spring.
Golly, the lady was ravin'!
With you girls, football's the thing.
You love"—. "—The music of that band.
Yes, and it is a nice floor."—
"Ushers put rice in his hatband.
I'll say that bridegroom was sore!
So"—. "—Don't you really remember?
Only last August you said
We'd have a date in December."—
"Grenadine's what makes 'em red."—
"Shake 'em up more; they taste iceless."—
"Such is the life of a stag."—
"Darling, that's perfectly priceless.
Fancy his having a drag."—
"Stop it! I'm going to scold, boy!"—
"Why should we wait for a toast?"—
" 'Who are you?' I asks the old boy.
'Young man,' says he, 'I'm the host.' "—
"Hear that old saxophone wailing!"—
"Isn't the floor nice tonight?"—
"What, partner, no diamonds? Failing?"
"Out in the car? Well, I might."—
"Nobody's asked me for supper.
Oh, dear! I'll have to go soon."—
"All they could get was an upper
And it was their honeymoon."—
"Where did she get that creation?
Truly I wouldn't be found



Dead."— "—On my feet took his station,
 I took the count in one round."—
 "Yes, I'm a veteran bridesmaid."—
 "Say, who *is* giving this ball?"—
 "Charley? I'm sure his inside's made
 Out of asbestos—that's all."—
 "I never talk during dances."—
 "College? Sure, got an A.B."—
 "Shuts her eyes, goes into trances,
 Head on their shoulders."—"Who, me?"—
 "Next month we hit the Bahamas."—
 "And the bride *was* boyish bobbed.
 When she appeared in pajamas,
 Poor bridegroom checked her and sobbed,
 'Have I a wife or a room-mate?' "—
 "Marie affects that high comb."—
 "All alone, sunk in a gloom, ate
 Supper."—"—Why hurry on home?"—
 "Hasn't a thing on above it!"—
 "I never gave him a glance."—
 "Listen, my dear, don't you *love* it?
 What things one hears at a dance!"

The Young People's Book of
Etiquette





Party Calls

NO one makes a party call
On the dame who hired the hall.
Only make one if the prune
May throw another party soon.



Greetings

SHOULD you speak, by any chance,
To your hostess at a dance?
Yes, say those in manners versed,
If your hostess sees you first.



Table Manners

WHAT to do with forks and knives—
That is nothing in your lives.
You should know best, lads and lasses,
How to handle all the glasses.



Promenading

GENTLEMEN must not be awkward when with the girls they walk.
Men, by agile skips and hops
Keep between them and the shops.



Courtesies of the Ball

DANCING men may well beware
Of the hostess and her snare,
Or she'll wish on you (doggone her!)
Wallflowers or guests of honor.



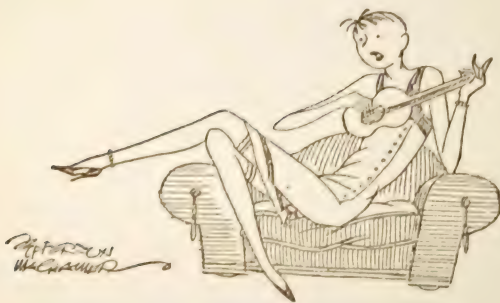
Entertainment

SHOULD she ask him in?" they ask.
Solving that's an easy task.
Merely make a simple check:
Can the lad—or can't he—neck?

The Power of Music

WHEN ladies of a bygone day
In convents learned the harp to play,
Was it alone to soothe the ears
Of their attentive cavaliers?
Nay, nay, they played to show the charms
Of bare and graceful arms.
“Drink to me only with thine eyes.”
I’m wise.

So girls who ukuleles seize
Have precedent for crossing knees.





Bettina Bets

I DON'T play bridge. It's too much fuss.
I think it's too ridiculous
When people get so serious,
And it's a big expense.
Mah Jong, I think, it's wrong to play
For money—and the game's *passé*.
My conscience never is at ease
In craps—and how it hurts my knees!
Oh, I am far from dense.
But I confess I sometimes bet
A little something on roulette.
Is gambling really such a sin?
I think it's all right if you win.
Now isn't that good sense?

Girls of Grandma's Day

WHEN grandma sees granddaughter's whirl,
She calls it nothing short of shocking.
"In my day," she declares, "no girl
Would show three-quarters of her stocking."



And grandma's grandma formerly
Complained of what hoopskirts were showing,
'Twas lingerie, not hosiery,
That had her indignation glowing.



The grandmas back in '76,
Were apt to fly into a passion,
When powdered hair and fans' sly tricks
And beauty patches were the fashion.



Directoire gowns were very bold;
French grandmeres murmured they were fearful;
So light you'd catch your death of cold,
And thin! Why, you—well, that's an earful.



The granddames held forth in the day,
When knighthood was in all its flower,
And it was chivalrous to stay
And dally somewhat in a bower.



The Roman grandmamas would vow,
"Now in the consulship of Plancus,
If we behaved as you do now,
Paterfamilias would spank us."



"To go eloping with a boy,"
Said Greek grandmas with eyes that spangled,
"And get us in a war with Troy,
Is just as bad as it's new-fangled."



And Cleopatra with her asp
And vamping and her cocktails pearly—
'Twas like to make a mummy gasp
And think of when she was a girlie.



As for that dance Salome did,
With shimmies, wiggles, shakes and prancing—
Old ladies frowned upon the kid
And cried, "What awful modern dancing!"



And even Eve must once have told
About her girlhood, and when caught up,
With this remark resumed her scold:
"The ribs I knew were better brought up!"





The Target

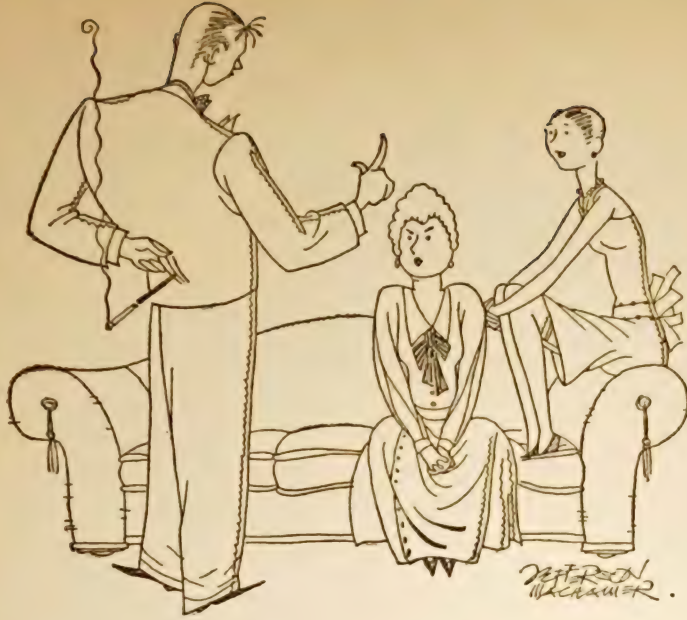
I WANT to be a college girl
And study archery.
I want to stand with skirts aswirl
On a wind-swept campus lea.
Occasionally I'd crack a book
And battle learning's snags,
If I could catch Diana's look
When she went out hunting stags.

*Oh, I would stand for Latin and for trigonometree,
If I could shoot a college course in the sport of archeree.*

I want to learn to bend a bow
In a most becoming pose.
Whether or not I ever know
Where the silly arrow goes.
Could I absorb the form and grace,
My picture would be sure
To get a lot of splendid space
In the Sunday rotogravure.

*While shying from old econom-ics or psychologiee,
I'd like to be a sweet girl grad in the sport of archeree.*





Disinterested Advice to a Girl's Mother

IT'S this way, Mrs. Brown," I said,
"Your daughter doesn't knock *me* dead,
Not that she's not O. K.
Dottie's all right,
But doesn't quite
Hit *me* in just that way.
The fellas would be keener, if
Dot wasn't acting sort of stiff.

I hunch the trouble's this—
Because you don't
Let her, she won't
Occasionally kiss.

"It's nothing to me, Mrs. Brown.
It's not as if she turned *me* down.
To me the fellas come
And say that Dot
The stuff has got,
But she's dutiful and dumb.
She really isn't that, I hope.
I thought you ought to have the dope,
It's for her benefit.
For that poor girl
Could have a whirl,
By kissing 'em a bit."



Age

WHO was that man you saw me
with? Was he a bore?
Well, no, my dear, but *old*. Why,
he was in the war!

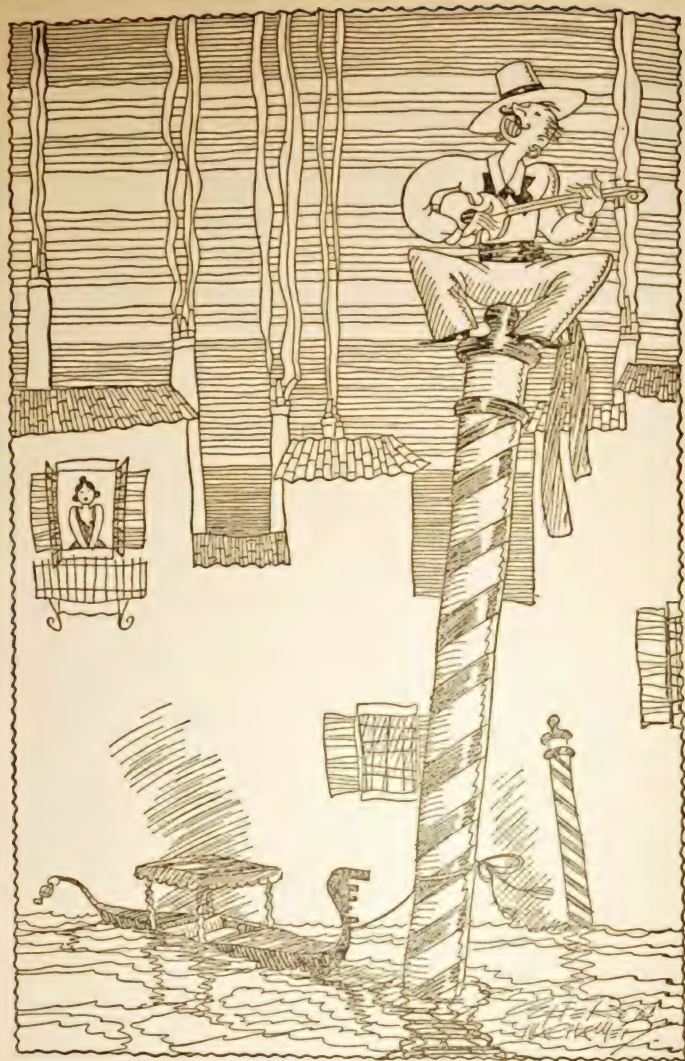
International Flapper Complications

*Being an Account of Why Girls Can't Leave Home
in Foreign Lands and a Noble Offer
of Expert First Aid*



The French Depreciation

THE *jeune fille* in the land of France
Is never given half a chance.
When she is just a tiny tot,
Her clothes are anything but hot;
They show her legs for several rods,
And at that age, why what's the odds?
She's stuck into a convent when
She's just appreciating men,
And when at last they let her go,
Oh, what a lot she doesn't know!
At home she's never left alone—
The family's her chaperon.
(The word is obsolete and French;
They're out with us and on the bench.)
The Froggies go a-wooing there
Negotiating with a *père*.
Since that's the way affairs are staged,
What fun is it to get engaged?
Actresses, midinettes, in France
Have cornered most of the romance.



The Italian Dilemma

THE young Italian signorinas
Are much repressed like concertinas.
Matured as early as their twelves,
They're not allowed to be themselves.
Duennas guard them close at home,
Since all that decadence in Rome.
A watchful mother or an auntie
Compels the sad young men like Dante
To sigh and do long distance sighting
Or go and take it out in writing.
The Colosseum 'neath the moon,
A perfectly slick place to spoon—
Bright Venice, gondola, canal
And someone who's not just a pal—
Blue Capri with its grotto ample—
Vesuvius that sets example—
All these, till girlhood's fled in haste,
Unfortunately go to waste.
The officers of regiments crack
Court mostly Yankee girls with jack.



The Spanish Crisis

THE cloistered debutantes of Spain,
It seems, might bitterly complain.
Complexions like ice cream (vanilla),
A most becoming lace mantilla,
High combs of tortoise shell and gold
And big, black eyes that knock men cold
Are found in that romantic clime;
You'd think the girls would have a time.
But not a prayer! In houses barred
They live and play in their own yard.
Sometimes guitars and gallantry
Allure them to a balcony.
They get a big kick, they suppose,
By dropping to the lads a rose,
While ma and pa inside agree
It's nice to get your music free.
But, growing bored, the Spanish fellas
Depart to watch some *tarantellas*.
Oh, if I were a bud in Spain,
I would come out with might and main.



The German Reparations

THE Flapper of the genus German
Is too subservient to her man.
Oh, she is all too prone to warm
To anything in uniform,
Enduring men's upturned mustaches
That mingle with her downcast lashes.
She lets herself in for some rooking
By knowing far too much of cooking,
And plays the much mistaken part
Of winning stomachs, not a heart.
Her idea of the thing to do
Is throw a picnic at the zoo.
Her looks are shy and not come hither.
She strums a folk-song on the zither,
Ignorant of the fact, poor child,
A uke's more apt to get 'em wild.
The fattening effect of beer
Upon her figure costs her dear.
She vegetates into a *frau*,
Content to cease to be a wow.



American Mediation

BUT in the U. S. A., my dear,
A girl may follow a career,
And when she's tired of that, she can
Relax and wed some lucky man.
To any place we want to go
We step into a car and blow.
In manner, freedom, clothing, poise,
We girls can be "one of the boys."
The smoker, barber shop and grill
Unhesitatingly we fill.
All men from father up—we daunt 'em.
We have them all just where we want 'em.
Alas, the foreign sisterhood
Endures a lot that's not so good.
Their case, while grave, is not alarming—
They only need be more disarming.
A conference might well relieve a
Lot of 'em—say, at Geneva.
So let's assemble there. Let's do,
And tell those girls a thing or two.

The Old-Fashioned Husking Bee

MR. and Mrs. Van Whiff bought a farm,
A dear quaint old place of considerable charm,
And then they determined appropriately
To bid all their friends to a corn husking bee.

A dance floor they lay
In the barn, and the hay,
Which gives folks hay fever, is taken away.
A city dance orchestra renders some bits
Of airs truly rural now (last season's hits).
Sunbonneted ladies wear short gingham skirts
And gentlemen overalls, straw hats, blue shirts.

They all have a flair
For the fine country air;
Some say they'd consider commuting out there.
Some quaff deep of cider. Politely lips smack,
As others partake of the host's apple-jack.
And couples acquiring somewhat of a bun
Perform rustic dances—the Charleston for one.

It nearly is morn,
When a toot on a horn
Permits the fair hostess to cry, "Now the corn!"
The gentlemen perk up but sink at her snicker,
"The corn husking, gentlemen, not the corn liquor."



The guests seize the corn, though the most of them feel it
Would be more genteel if the servants should peel it.

Then Alyce, the dear,

Remarks, "Look what's here.

I've picked up a red—you might say henna'd—ear."

The hostess calls gayly, "The old custom's this—

Girls finding a red ear their partners must kiss."

"Who? Bill?" drawls sweet Alyce. "Say, for the last
hour

I've been out with that bird and parked in his car.

So, Mrs. Van Whiff, I believe I'll arrange

To follow the custom with Jim for a change."



Hymn of Hate with Ukulele Accompaniment

OUT of the forests of koa
Near Honolulu, H. T.,
Innocent natives once fashioned
What's called a "musical flea."
On it they tore off "Aloha,"
Careless how millions might be
Racked with a frenzy impassioned,
Hearing lost chords off the key.

Simple and guileless Kanakas!
They don't deserve the rebukes.
Others began the exporting;
Thus first we suffered from ukes.

Then when our youth took a crack as
Hard as they could, making flukes,
Hearers were near to resorting
To all the crimes of the Jukes.

Folk of the Islands called Sandwich,
Take back that "musical" thing!
Lads who tuck sweaters in trousers
Strum upon it in the spring.
Ours is that anguished demand which
Torture from victims will wring.
Free us from midnight arousers—
Youngsters who play it *and* sing!





Auto-Education

THE car which Fred to college took
 Was thought unequal to a book
 Toward getting a degree,
 But on its hood he painted quotes
 From poets and his Spanish notes
 And dates from history.

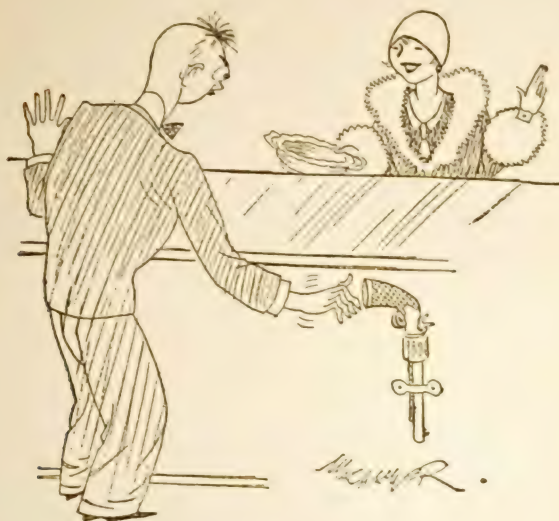
The formulæ upon one side
Were chemical. A physics guide
Was scratched upon the top.
The very license of his bus
Was figured out in calculus,
Perplexing to a cop.

His mileage read in parasangs,
And some of Cicero's harangues
Were posted here and there.
A thesis fluttered in the wind.
Botany specimens were pinned
Upon the covered spare.

And so although this college boy
Drove often forth on rides of joy
And burned the midnight "gas,"
Professors who had seen his car
Were certain that the boy'd go far
And could not fail to pass.

Epitaphs on a Jeweler's Showcase

HERE lies a wedding gift
Bought on Monday,
Sent out Tuesday,
Taken in Wednesday,
Unwrapped Thursday,
Sniffed at Friday,
Sent back Saturday,
And credited Sunday.



REQUIESCAT—Silver vegetable dish.
Little bride said it was just her wish.
But she turned it in at an early date,
For the doggone thing was a duplicate.

FULL seven times this silver urn
Has fared forth only to return.
With the next bride it must remain.
'Tis worn too thin to mark again.



TO be the pride
Of some young bride
This silver tea set was designed.
But—what a shame!
Back here it came—
The bride-to-be has changed her mind.

THESE dinner gongs
Resumed their nooks,
Since some young wives
Are also cooks.



HERE is a pair of military brushes ranged,
By the indignant mother of the bride exchanged.
She asked in tones that had an angry ring,
"Whoever heard of giving bridegrooms anything!"



Joys of the Hunt

HUNTING the fox as a sport stands alone
 And none in America has so much tone.
 The hunters cry, "Yoicks!" and halloo, "Tally ho!"
 Which makes them feel deucedly English, you know.
 On horses which leap in addition to bound
 They follow the hound
 With his nose on the ground.
 Before the day's over, there won't be a dearth
 Of riders whose noses meet hard, frosty earth.
 The men's coats are pink;
 It's something to drink
 That gives to their faces the same hue, I think.

It's frightfully early when hunters arise
 All booted and spurred and with stocks for their ties.
 Dianas wear derbies or glistening toppers
 Of ease to the bean if by chance they come croppers.
 They let the swift fox
 From out of a box

And urge on their chargers to rattle their hocks.
 With everyone feeling deceptively young,
 The field gets away and the doggies give tongue.
 Of course with the fox the good hounds won't catch up,
 They've known him ever since each was a pup.



Shouts, toots of the horn, a dull sickening thud,
 As riders take spills in a cascade of mud,
 And heavy-foot plugs step upon them, by golly!
 Assuming they're cloaks as laid down by Walt Raleigh.

 The fox steers a course,
 A grand *tour de force*,
 Which ought to be followed by airplane, not horse.
 And those who should wait
 For a wide open gate
 Take off at a fence and end up on their pate.
 At length by a few still remaining unspilled,
 The fox is run down and in theory is killed.

But now the grand chase is concluded at last
And breakers of fences and bones break their fast.
Hot viands in plenty assuage appetite
And potions make much-fatigued huntsmen feel right.
 And that isn't all.
 At night there's a ball
At which the non-hunters especially call.
 There bold youths are shunting
 Some bye-baby-bunting
Who came to the ball, since her daddy went hunting.
All this has a moral, both trenchant and short—
Encourage—in others—the love of this sport.



How Polly Became Nearsighted

POLLY, put your glasses on,
Put your horn-rim glasses on,
Unbecoming glasses on;
You must do it, miss.

Little girls should know it tries
Vision and it isn't wise
If they open wide their eyes,
When the boys they kiss.

Mother's Beau

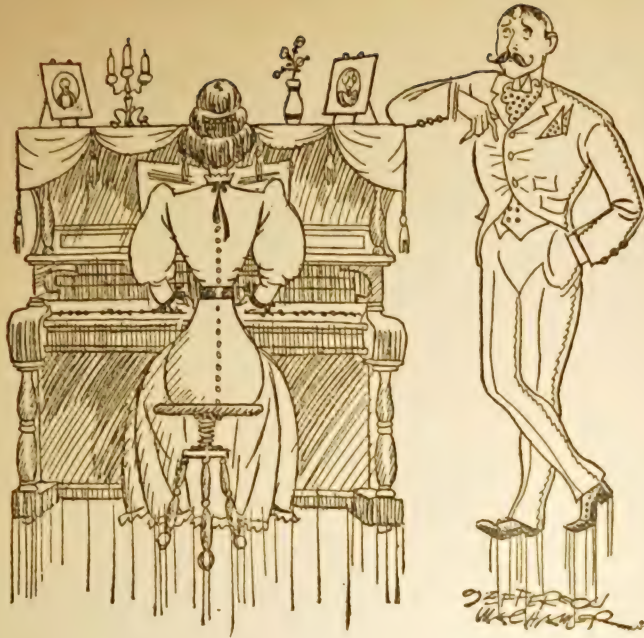
*As Described to and with Responses by
Her Daughter*

HE stood, attentive, debonair,
Beside the old pianoforte
And music turned for lady fair—
'Twas thus our gallants paid their court.

*Paid it that way? Gosh, what a dumb thing!
He paid but still he owed you something.*

He bent, he grasped the sheet, he turned,
No moment soon, no moment late,
So carefully the candles burned
No whit less steady in their state.
Then graceful compliment he made:
"No angel sweeter sang nor played!"

*Who threw that line? Say, was it Dad?
It's, if you ask me, kind of sad.*



I thought he watched and wondered at
The fast, faint throbbing of my throat.
I raised my eyes. In spite of that
He never missed a single note.

*Is that the way that beaux were then?
Me, I pass up these iron men.*

In time to turn each page he'd act;
No crumpled corner would escape,
Though tiny curl might some distract,
A love lock at an unshorn nape;
And when he sang a second part,
As good as tell what filled his heart.

*I never knew a man like this!
The poor bird sang when he could kiss!*

Alas, for those accomplished days!
They've all but vanished, goodness knows,
Lost in romance's rosy haze—
A gentle age when beaux were beaux.

*They're vanished, gone? A flock of why's.
Say, Mother, you don't use your eyes.*

What fervor can a man evince
Who winds a maiden's phonograph?
A mere mechanic, not a prince,
Tunes radio in her behalf.
No ukulele lady burns
For music which deserves good turns.

*What do you mean? Say, don't we just!
Beside my beaux, your beau's a bust!*



The Lady Chimney

SHE has her case of cigarettes,
She has a fancy holder.
Convention checks no more her sex;
She smokes, let who may scold her.
She puffs with utmost nonchalance
And drags it down the hatch.
And in her kit some lighters fit;
No more she begs a match.

She's well equipped with smoker's goods—the lady knows
her stuff—

The only thing she doesn't know is when she's smoked
enough.

Sure Money

IF you don't smoke, my son, until
You're twenty-one," my Old Man said,
"You'll get a hundred-dollar bill."
The Old Man doesn't use his head.

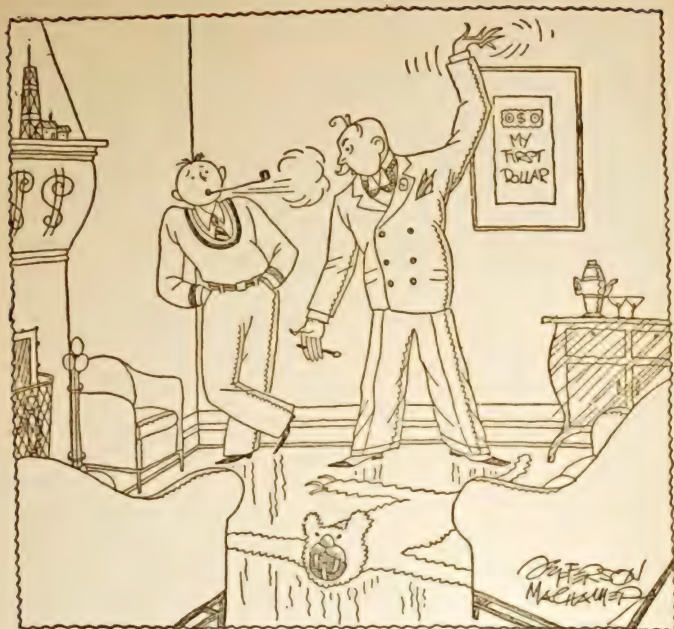
For why should I lay off a cig
Until that dim and distant day?
I know blame well that Dad will dig
And I will get it anyway.





Modest Dame Nature

IN good Dame Nature's garden
Where lady's-slippers grow,
There are no lady's stockings
So openly on show.
And by a kind direction,
Which is, I must presume, hers,
One never catches sight of
Such things as lady's-bloomers.



The Younger Generation Rejects a Success Story

THE Pater got me cornered. Darn!
Started to spin some long-drawn yarn.
All about how he rose and shone—
From Rags to Riches—on his own.
Boy, it was sure some tale of woe.
Happened a heluva while ago.

Did he accept the cruel fate
Of early boyhood? Not the Pate!
'Twas up and at 'em, on with toil,
Until he hit it right in oil.
"When I was your age, son," he says,
"I had not your advantages."

He hadn't? That was his hard luck.
It's fair enough that *I'm* not stuck.
Ready to call it all a day,
I told him as I broke away,
"Go write that, Father—use your bean—
For the *American Magazine*."

The Red Canoe

Far a-Field (Eugene)

OUT in the lake in red canoe
Went Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue.

She wasn't really his sister or
She'd paddled alone or stuck on shore.

The young men call 'em their sisters dear
From motives that I both guess and fear.

The moon in the lake with the sky made two.
One's bad enough. Gosh, what two moons do!

So Sue her hands in water trolled
And—would you believe it?—she got 'em cold.

With air surprised and in dulcet tones,
The fact she confided to Johnny Jones.

Breathes there a youth who is such a cheese
As to let the hands of a lady freeze?

No! John jumped up with gallant thrill.
Sue trembled shyly as maidens will.

Into the lake from a red canoe
Went Johnny Jones and his "Sister" Sue.





The Fall Girl

O H, dear!
It's tough
This time of year.
A girl is football's abject slave,
So now for days I *must* behave.
I kiss the boys and the boys kiss me,
But that's just ordinarily.

Oh, my!
It's hard,
And I could cry.
I tantalize 'em just the same,
Till some lad bids me to a game.
Cruel indeed is woman's fate,
When she must fish *and* be the bait.



Divorce and the Younger Generation

MOTHER'S married several times;
Dad's not far behind.
Poets hit it in their rhymes—
Love is mighty blind.
Wedding bells with Mom and Dad
Clang like a fire alarm.
"One more little spouse," they add,
"Can't do us any harm."

Mother's apt to be confused
On her married names.
Dad has many badly used
Alimony claims.
Which of them's divorced the more?
That I couldn't say,
Till I've read the latest score
In the Paris news today.

I have mothers that are step-,
Fathers new and late.
It exhausts a poor child's pep
Keeping up to date.
Every baby that comes in
To the family tree
Is the fraction of a kin
To poor little me.

Foresight

MY suitor's here to dinner and
Dad gave us tickets for a show.
For taxi, night clubs, Dad will stand.—
It's spare expense and spoil the beau.

What worries me is—when we're wed,
Will Dad keep money coming in?
If not, it enters in my head
That married life is kind of thin.





The Modern Madonna

EYES that dance with joy of youth,
Merry eyes that still coquette,
Glances challenging as truth,
Eyes that men may not forget.

*Eyes that at her babe's caress
Shine with world-old tenderness.*

Ears that under bobs half hide,
Ears that never miss a trick,
Prone to burn with flattered pride,
And to catch a jest as quick.

*Ears which keenest vigil keep
For the little one asleep.*

Lips that smile and ready tongue,
Feet that tap to music gay,
Heart sophisticated, young,
Brimming with the zest of play.

*Heart that's bound in age-old strands
In her baby's tiny hands.*

